

A DOUBLE MIX-UP

By Bailey Millard

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

A bright uprush of clean, white pigeon wings followed on the instant the bang of the barnyard gate.

"What do I think o' women ranch bosses?" was the wrathful flash of Zeke Stubbs, addressed to the flurrying birds. "I think they ought to keep to the kitchen an' not go to snoopin' aroun' tellin' grown-up men how to take the shoes off'n horses. An' she a 19-year-old gal! Did she larn about horses' feet at that Salt Lake seminary? I'd like to know! If her maw an' paw only was alive!"

"Oh, don't take on, Zeke," said Uri Wiggin, coming around a corner of the barn. "May Windom got a few extra frills at the seminary, but she ain't spoiled, not by a jug-full. An' she knows all about horses."

Uri was the hired man on the Windom ranch and Zeke was his helper. "An' she ain't so dreadful stuck-up as you think," added Uri. "If she was she wouldn't be agoin' out with the sheep."

"Goin' out with the sheep? Great snakes! Of all the ram-buttled ideas! An' all alone among them men? Guess you can count me out this time. I don't want no woman boss on the range. The idee! A woman sheep-herder!"

"She ain't agoin' alone," said Uri. "How then?"

"Well, you know Sandy Baffin's Gertie, that married Russ Bricker? She's agoin' along, too. May's got Russ to look out for things for her, an' Gertie's agoin' to do the cookin'. An' I'm agoin' an' so are you—you can't get out of it."

"What does Russ Bricker know about sheep?" asked Zeke contemptuously. "Been a freighthin' all his life."

"Oh, Russ won't have much to say. Miss Windom's goin' to run the bull shootin' match herself."

"Great guns! They'll get sick 'nough o' women bosses!" snorted Zeke. "When does this here fool expedition start out?"

"Week from nex' Thursday. Snow'll be pooty well off'n the range by that time. We'll hit Sky-Medder about the fifth day out. If we have good luck, Trouble is the so danged many outfits that'll be headed that way, an' they may get in ahead. We don't start any sooner for that's the earliest anybody ever goes; but we'll be in luck if some range sneaks don't get in ahead of us."

Precisely this it was that worried Miss May Windom. Russ had told her that it would be a race for the Sky-Meadow country—the best range in the Wasatch mountains—and she was intensely eager to get in first on the range several times before her father died—once as long as a month. This time she wanted to stay the whole season. The seminary, with its stilted diction and its stiff rule of things generally, had irked her. She had gone there because it was her dead father's wish. Even now that it was all behind her, the seminary seemed to be clinging to her skirts. She wanted to get away to the mountains. She loved the wild life and she loved the sheep. Above all things she was eager to get to the range ahead of Low Madden, who drove a large herd of his own shearing up that way every spring as soon as the season opened. Low was objectionable to her in no other way than that he had tried to make himself particularly agreeable to her, with the result that she had sent him about his business. She could hardly have told why she had done this, for Low was big and strong and looked fierier in his saddle than any other man in Juab county. Probably she had refused him because he had taken her for granted, being taken for granted was very odious to her.

Sing hey for the range! The spring was in May Windom's blood when she set out mounted on Fidget, her cowboy hat flapping in the wind that blew down from the cool upland, and her gray eyes alive with the thrill of the start. She rode beside the Brickers, while Uri and Zeke drove in the camp wagons for the first few tame miles along the lane from Zephi, the meek sheep trotting passively ahead.

By evening they were well up into the foothills, having forced the sheep forward at a very good pace.

Next morning Uri decided to take the trail over the ridge. While it was steep and rough it cut off about eight miles of the journey to the Sky-Meadow country and when they made camp that night Zeke decided Low Madden was a good five miles behind.

"Coo-ee! Coo-ee!" yelled Uri as May joined him. "The Madden outfit must a found another cutoff. But they'll never get in ahead o' us. See them smokes. He pointed to where two curling columns rose on the far side of the ridge. "We'll drive 'em to the top, hot-foot, an' then along up the hog-back to the meadow. They won't get in ahead o' us."

The spirit of the range was strong in May. Her blood mounted warmly, and her horse pressed sharply upon the sheep, while her voice rang loud and clear.

But when the rapidly moving mass of white backs scurried through the scrub pines near the top, not half a

mile away over the hill, she heard faint sounding "Coo-ees!" that were growing nearer and coming up the ridge.

"Madden's herders, for money!" she heard Uri yell. "But we'll get in ahead. They won't risk a mix-up. They've got five thousand in that band, and if they run into our four thousand it would be the derndest mess in nine counties."

The "W's" were bounding up the slope and the advance line was all but topping the ridge.

Suddenly she heard a great rustling among the trees and brush on the west side of the ridge, opposite that on which the first great billow at "W's" was beginning to appear.

From below came whooping yells, the barking of dogs, wild bleats and a low roar as 20,000 little feet beat the ground and 5,000 little round heads were poked out from among the pines. A great wave of "M's" loomed for a moment from over the way, ready to rush in and become one with the billow of "W's" which had charged up the east side of the ridge just in time to meet it.

"Stop 'em! Stop 'em! Head 'em off! Can't you stop 'em!" was May's frantic appeal.

When she looked again the two great fides of sheep had met and mingled. The "W's" were scampering wildly about among the "M's," and the "M's" were threading through and through the "W's," so that, as it seemed, in one wild moment, the dreaded, tragic mix-up was as complete as the mix-up of a well-shuffled pack of cards.

Low Madden rode over to where May stood leaning against a pine, cry-

ing, "What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

"What's the idee?"

NEWS OF MISSOURI

Folk's Campaign Postponed.
Jefferson City—It is understood here that Gov. Folk will not open his campaign for United States Senator until early next month. His opening speech, in which he will outline his platform, will be delivered at St. Joseph. Originally it was the governor's intention to have opened his campaign in the middle of March, but because the municipal campaign is in progress in St. Joseph, he deems it best to wait until after the city election. It was in St. Joseph the governor opened his gubernatorial campaign in 1904, and he long ago determined to open his senatorial campaign in the same city. Perhaps he thinks it is an auspicious location from which to launch political hopes.

Historic Homestead Burns.
Columbia—"La Grange," the old Rollins homestead, occupied by the Rollins family more than seventy-one years, was entirely destroyed by fire. A crowd of 3,000 gathered. Students from the university, including fifty or more co-eds, assisted the family in saving furniture, plate and heirlooms from the flames. The girls carried out curtains, hangings, and bric-a-brac. The loss amounts to \$10,000 and is partly covered by insurance. The construction of the house was so substantial that the flames made slow headway. A defective flue caused the fire. The residence was a landmark of pioneer days and had entertained Thomas H. Benton, Washington Irving and other famous men.

Shot Self in Dream, Is Plea.
Carthage—The case against Thad Raney, his mother, Mrs. H. M. Raney, and Mrs. Myrtle Raney Baker, charged with felonious assault upon Albert Baker on the night of March 7, for the insurance of \$10,000 on Baker's life, was argued before Justice Woodward. At the close of the hearing the defendants were bound over to the circuit court in \$2,000 bond each. Thad Raney was not at the Raney home, near the powder mill, where the shooting occurred, but that Baker was in a nightmare on the night of March 7 and shot himself.

Wabash Sued for \$300.
Hannibal—The United States, through Attorney Henry W. Blodgett of St. Louis, has brought suit in the United States court against the Wabash Railway Co. for \$300.

Sheriff Sued for \$5,000.
Chillicothe—The final hearing in the habeas corpus proceedings instituted by Thomas R. Hanley to gain his freedom from Sheriff F. M. Wynn of Paris, Ill., after Hanley had been arrested for defying the court's order at Paris and taking possession of his two children, was held before Probate Judge Overton in Chillicothe and taken under advisement.

Will Celebrate Jefferson's Birthday.
Columbia—The democrats of Boone county will have a combined love feast and celebration of Thomas Jefferson's birthday on April 13. Elliott W. Major of Bowling Green, candidate for attorney general; Champ Clark and other speakers will be invited. The meeting will be presided over by Jas. E. Boggs, circuit clerk and president of the Boone County Democratic Club.

Counterfeiting Suspects Held.
St. Louis—Edward J. McHugh, secret service agent in charge here, received additional information regarding the two counterfeit notes which were detected by Harry A. Machen, assistant cashier of the Sturdivant bank at Cape Girardeau. Two suspects are under arrest, but it is believed they were not aware that the notes were counterfeit.

Perry-Mexico Line to Be Built.
Montgomery—It seems practically settled now that the electric line from Perry, Rail County, on through Santa Fe, Monroe county, thence to Mexico, Mo., is to be built at once. A mortgage for \$850,000 has been filed in the Audrain circuit court to secure gold bonds which will be issued and sold to raise the necessary funds.

Mined Coal at Age of 83.
Bevier—John S. Griffiths, 84 years old, died at the home of his daughter in Bevier. "Uncle John" worked in the coal mines here until a year ago, when his health failed. Up to that time he was the oldest man employed in the mines of the state.

Folk Paroles Stone County Man.
Jefferson City—Gov. Folk granted a parole to Ike Forrester, convicted in Stone county a year ago on a charge of felonious assault and sentenced to the penitentiary for two years. An examination of the testimony convinced the governor that the assault was provoked.

Kansas City Drivers Strike.
Kansas City—Twenty members of the Beer Drivers' Union, employed by the Kansas City branches of the Anheuser-Busch and Lemp Brewing companies, struck in sympathy with the striking brewery workers in St. Louis.

Trial of Rev. Gow Postponed.
Montgomery—Circuit Judge Barnett of this city has reset the cases of Rev. Clyde W. Gow and Dr. W. A. Hemphill for July 13, at an adjourned term of the circuit court of Lincoln county.

RECOMMENDS SPECIAL LAWS

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN BRIEF MESSAGE TO CONGRESS URGES NEEDED LEGISLATION.

FAVORS REVISION OF TARIFF

Passage of Hepburn Bill, Amending Sherman Anti-trust Law, Providing for Registry of Trust Agreements Urged at This Session.

Washington, D. C. — President Roosevelt Wednesday sent to both houses of Congress his special message, announced several days ago, calling attention to legislation which he deems it important should be passed at this session.

A special plea is made for the enactment of a child labor law for the District of Columbia; the immediate re-enactment of the employers' liability law; a law providing for the payment of compensation for injury or death received by employees of the Government; amendment of the law governing the issue of injunctions in labor disputes; amendment of the interstate commerce and antitrust laws so as to permit the formation of combinations not in conflict with public policy; early financial legislation along the line proposed by the measure now before Congress, and the establishment of postal banks.

Text of President's Message.

To the Senate and House of Representatives: I call your attention to certain measures as to which I think there should be action by the Congress before the close of the present session. There is ample time for their consideration. As regards most if not all of the matters, bills have been introduced into one or the other of the two Houses, and it is possible that some of them will be taken up by the other on the same day as the present session. In my message at the opening of the present session, and, indeed, in various messages to previous Congresses, I have repeatedly suggested action on most of these measures.

Child labor should be prohibited throughout the nation. At least a model child-labor bill should be passed for the District of Columbia. It is unfortunate that in the one place solely dependent upon Congress for its legislation there should be no law whatever to protect children by forbidding or regulating their labor.

I renew my recommendation for the immediate re-enactment of an employers' liability law drawn to conform to the recent decision of the Supreme Court. Within the limits indicated by the court, the law should be made thorough and comprehensive, and the protection it affords should embrace every class of employee to which the power of the Congress can extend.